turn to her and her six-month-old daughter.

In an instant all Britain was in action, as had been the little station in the Hebrides. The Admiralty despatched fast destroyers after the tiny little Danish rescuing ship, prosaically pursuing its course toward Horsens, on the Jutland peninsula, with an important general cargo and two stray aviators; the *Daily Mail* announced a consolation prize of $25,000, and Mrs. Harry Hawker joyously painted a little placard reading, "Mr. Hawker has been found. He is on the boat Mary, bound for Denmark," so that her neighbors, all friends of the daring and light hearted pilot, might rejoice with her. The rest of Britain could do nothing save rejoice with an enthusiasm rare in a country of normally unmoved Anglo-Saxons.

Travelled 1,000 Knots.

Little by little meagre details of the heroic, if unsuccessful, ending of a great venture came flashing through the air from the lonely Hebrides and from the destroyers fast overtaking the slow moving little cargo boat carrying the heroes inexorably toward Denmark.

Apparently a thousand nautical miles of the 1,760 in the gap of water between Newfoundland and Ireland were covered by Hawker at the sizzling speed that only an airplane of all man's works can maintain. The hands of Harry Hawker kept the nose of his craft firmly bent toward the green island he hoped to see rise out of the water on the Monday morning or afternoon after some twenty hours of hurtling flight. The skill of Commander Grieve, his navigator, kept the pilot informed of the compass course to follow, although somehow, probably by the unexpected strength of a wind from the south, the aviators bore a little more to the north than they had originally intended.

In their opinion probably the critical period of the flight—the hours over the chill of drifting icebergs off Newfoundland, with an overburdened plane and a laboring, unwarmed motor, was over when the first warnings of disaster came to the quick ear of Hawker, chief test pilot of the Sopwith company and a man who could tell a motor's trouble by a single discordant note in the great roaring symphony of a powerful, complicated engine. The motor was overheating.

Knew It Was the End.

Further listening and inspection—always with one hand firmly on the stick—the slender rod by which the flight of an airplane is directed and the lives of its occupants preserved—showed Hawker that water had stopped flowing in the cooling system of his engine. No longer did the cooling stream pass from the radiator to casings about the hot cylinders of the engine, and then back, forced by a pump, to be cooled again by the rush of air through the many thin tubes of the radiator. This meant the end of the flight, for no motor can run long when its water cooling fails.

Concerning the awful suspense in those minutes after the discovery of the defect, when from far above the two men surveyed the empty ocean into which they were to plunge, concerning their thoughts and actions as, guided by the sure hand of Hawker, the downward glide of the plane inexorably began, a glide of five feet horizontally for every foot of vertical descent, a glide which, presumably, bore them slowly nearer the faintly seen freighter; concerning the final plunge into the waters of the north Atlantic, chilled by the melting of the polar bergs; concerning that agonizing ninety minutes of struggle in the water—concerning all these things—Hawker's message to the *Daily Mail* said nothing.

To Hawker these things were mere incidents in the great adventure; the real thing was that despite the choking of her water supply the Rolls-Royce motor on which he had staked his life roared gallantly until her radiator choked. That to him was the big event in the whole trip—the faithfulness of a thing of steel, not the ecurage of two men with all the malice of the Atlantic working against them.

Aided by Lack of Carriage.

The very daring of Hawker's attempt to span the Atlantic within the confines of a single day aided him in that last hour of flight. To save the wind resistance offered by the wheels and under carriage of his land machine Hawker had dropped them off after gaining the air in Newfoundland—dropped them near the camp of Raynham as a challenge for his rival to come and make a race of it.

The wheels and undercarriage of the craft, as it glided down into the water, hooking suddenly into the water, might have thrown the nose of the machine downward, pointing it into a dive from which the two voyagers, in their cockpit between the wings, would have gone deep down into the ocean, probably drowning before the plane, like a drowning man, bobbed upward again. Instead, however, Hawker apparently skilfully skidded onto the water, the smooth surface of the lower wing opposing no sudden resistance which would throw the plane out of the horizontal.

If Hawker had landed in Ireland or in England the story might have been different, for in leaving behind the under carriage he left behind hope of making anything but a "crash" landing, a drop onto the field with only the slender lower wing to bear the sudden rough contact with the earth.

Certainly the plane would have been wrecked, but Hawker was matching his skill—skill weakened by some twenty or twenty-five hours of constant vigilance, on making the crash so gentle that he and his navigator would not be injured seriously, even though the plane, at landing speed, would be going some forty or fifty miles an hour—railroad express speed.

Details of Rescue Still Unknown.

The circumstances of the rescue, how the Mary, crawling along on a voyage from Norfolk to Horsens, a voyage which already in mid ocean had taken her some thirteen days, came to be on that spot of all the miles of ocean, how she rescued the aviators by boat or rope, can not be told now. Certain it is, however, that never in their years of seafaring were the master and men of the Mary so stunned by surprise, and even by fear at the sight of an airplane dropping downward into the ocean hundreds of miles from land.

That the surprise did not overcome entirely their seamanship is seen by the fact that Hawker and Grieve are alive. The Sopwith biplane which had striven so long and so daringly to span the Atlantic was left to sink in its depths, a tragic reminder to man of how easily a little thing like a misplaced bit of solder may overcome his highest hopes and greatest daring.

The rejoicing through all Britain—rejoicing which spread as far as Australia, the birthplace of Hawker—was most intense at the little country home of the aviator near Surbiton. The great joy within, upon which few intruded, had as a sort of halo a crowd of villagers and later a greater crowd of people from further off, who gathered around the house, sometimes shouting, more often silent, as the emotions of delight and thankfulness swept over it.

The Admiralty, after the fleet destroyer Woolsun had caught up with the little Mary and taken off her two famous passengers, announced officially that the position where the Sopwith sank to the sea was latitude 50.20 North, longitude 29.30 West. This is a few miles from the spot where the cable ship Faraday and the Leyland liner Ninian reported a few days ago seeing the red light of an airplane. Presumably the flight reported by these ships was a Very signal of distress set off by Hawker or Grieve when the plane first began to flag.

On Board the Revenge.

From the Woolsun the aviators were transferred to the Revenge, flagship of the ships in north of Scotland waters. The welcome extended to Hawker, the man who set off in the face of unfavorable weather conditions on the chance of beating the American seaplanes across in a friendly, but no less stern, race, and to his navigator, an officer of the British navy, can probably be as easily imagined as it will later be described.

Even had the destroyer failed to reach the Mary it is probable that the skipper of that craft would have been apprised fully as to the importance of his visitors, for the *Daily Mail* flashed word to all the signal stations withtin the reach of the cargo boat, which, as may be understood, lacked a wireless, to hoist flags conveying messages of the most fervent entreaty to the Danish ship to stop at some port and put the heroes ashore.

In the midst of her thankfulness—joy is hardly the proper word—Mrs. Hawker explained for the information of a people deeply happy how she had steadfastly kept up faith in her husband's safety—even on that dreadful Monday evening when long after dark, after many hours of patient waiting at the Brooklands landing field, she had turned silently homeward alone, reading in the eyes of those who had watched with her the opinion that her husband was dead somewhere in the waters between Europe and America.

Confident All the Time.

"I had a presentiment all along that I should see my husband again," she said. "I was confident all the time, even although all our friends condoled with me. I am overjoyed and too overcome to talk now."

Even King George, Mrs. Hawker might have added, had sent words of consolation to her, but not even the words of the King could shake the belief of Mrs. Hawker.

There was after the first transports of joy a tinge almost of sadness among the more thoughtful. They remembered that over in Newfoundland there are four other British airplanes preparing for the great flight. These men, even in the face of Hawker's apparent certain death, had persevered in their preparations. But no matter how many others following in the path of Hawker meet disaster and then death all here feel sure that a tiny airplane soaring high will this year spin a new binding thread across the watery gap of the Atlantic between Britain and her New World colonies.

RESCUE SHIP MARY HAS NO RADIO PLANT

She Left Norfolk, Va., May 4 for Denmark.

The Danish steamship Mary has the unique distinction of being the only freighter of the name in Lloyd's Register and also the only Mary propelled by steam in American shipping records or the Maritime Register, which keeps track of all steam and sail worth while. She was originally the British freighter Grovehall, and was built at West Hartlepool eleven years ago.

There is no nautical sentimental record that tells why ships are named and for whom. Perhaps the owner of the Mary might tell all about it if a ship news reporter should call on him at Esbjerg, Denmark, on the North Sea. Maybe Mary is his wife, perhaps his daughter and possibly his sweetheart. There are five Maries in Lloyd's and fourteen Marias, but Mary is alone in her glory.

Doubtless Mrs. Hawker will bless the name of Mary, and to her maybe it will suggest that the benevolent Danish freighter might have been named for the Madonna by a religious owner. The Mary was not equipped for sea philanthropy, however, having no wireless and no more lifeboats than the law requires, and being just a little, single decked ship, travelling in high latitudes to shorten the route and save coal.

Her net tonnage is 1,124 and her length 278 feet, and the name of her skipper, as given in Lloyd's, is Capt. A. Duhn.

HAWKER ALWAYS NOTED FOR LUCK

Took Chances of Death Almost Daily During Career as Machine Tester.

MADE RECORD FLIGHTS

Training Fitted Young Australian for Great Adventure in Small Biplane.

The luck of Harry G. Hawker, which has stayed with him for eight years through the thrills and dangers of his work as an experimental and test flier, did not desert him when he came to the crucial moment of his career. During his term of service with the Sopwith company Hawker took chances with his life half a dozen times a day that make the average mortal tremble to even think about—and he has never, so far as records show, received any injuries more serious than a few bumps and bruises. And now, when he falls into the Atlantic Ocean hundreds of miles from land, with about one chance in a million of getting out of his trouble alive, the Hawker luck holds good and he bobs up again, safe and sound and with his reputation as a daredevil increased a hundredfold.

But although Hawker was a daredevil aviator, and it wasn't safe to predict any morning that he would live through the day, he has been canny enough to command a salary that for several years has made him the highest paid air pilot in the world, as well as one of the most skilful. He was a test flier for the Sopwith Aviation Company and made several flights each day to test out the creations of the Sopwith engineers. For this he got $125 every time he went into the air and it has been estimated that during the last few years his earnings have averaged more than $100,000 a year.

Hawker now lives in very solid comfort at Kingston-on-Thames with his wife and their baby daughter, but when he went to England from Australia eight years ago he was a very poor man, a young mechanic barely twenty years old, able to earn a few shillings a week. When he landed in Britain he knew nothing about airplanes; he hoped to get a job as mechanic in a bicycle shop, making and repairing bicycles. But it was hardly a year before Hawker felt the lure of the air and he abandoned the bicycle industry and got a job as mechanic in the Sopwith aviation works, becoming a pilot a year later.

Would Always Take a Chance.

Even in those days when a man had to be a daredevil, absolutely reckless and unmindful of his life, Hawker soon became noted for his daring. He would attempt to fly anything that would get off the ground and it wasn't long before he began testing the Sopwith planes, and taking out experimental machines that none of the other aviators would attempt to handle.

The daring and absolute disregard of possible consequences to himself that so characterised Hawker and his air feats are illustrated by a test which he made at the Sopwith aviation fields at Brooklands when he was preparing for his overseas attempt. He conceived the idea of increasing the speed of his airplane by dropping the running and landing gear of the machine, and when the Sopwith experts said he couldn't land with a machine lacking so much of what had been regarded as vital and necessary equipment, Hawker said he would take a machine up and find out. So he had the Sopwith company build him a plane which had a lever attachment by which he could release the landing and running gears. Then he went up, dropped the gears, and despite the fact that a speed of forty miles an hour was necessary to keep the plane in the air at all, he landed with no other damage than a smashed propeller and a cracked wing, and sundry bruises to himself.

Hawker hadn't been flying more than a few months before he began winning medals and trophies and prizes. He won the Michelin trophy in 1912 for the longest flight from sunrise to sunset. He was in the air eight hours and twenty-three minutes, beating his nearest rival by forty-five minutes. And it is rather a coincidence that this rival was Fred Raynham, who was Hawker's keenest rival in the dash overseas and whose machine crashed as he was about to take off at St. John's, just after Hawker had started. The next year, in 1913, Hawker and Raynham again met in competition, and again Hawker won, beating Raynham by half a minute in an aerial race across country.

Many Records to His Credit.

Hawker entered the great race around England in 1918, for which the London *Daily Mail* offered a prize of $25,000, but engine trouble kept him from finishing, although he flew 1,046 miles. He was compelled to land off the Irish coast, near Dublin, and so failed to finish the last 500 miles. That same year Hawker took a plane up to 13,000 feet, carried two passengers to a height of 11,000 feet and three to a height of 9,000 feet, great and important feats in those days of aviation experiments. Two years later he established a British altitude record of 20,000 feet at Hendon and in 1916 a world's altitude record of 28,500 feet, which stood until recently, when it was bettered by Major Schroeder of the United States Army.

But most of Hawker's thrilling stunts are not officially recorded, because they were done as part of the day's work and no official time was taken on them. He is known to have made many short flights and experimental trips which have added greatly to airplane knowledge. Aviators who know Hawker well say he is cool and unassuming, that he has a delightful personality and that he does not know the meaning of the words "nerves" and "fear."

SAYS HAWKER MET TERRIFIC STORM

Skipper Tells of Gale That Swept Ocean.

Special Despatch to THE SUN.

ST. JOHN'S, N. F., May 25.—Harry G. Hawker, the intrepid British transatlantic flier, who has gladdened a sorrowing world that though him dead, drove his Sopwith plane through (or above) an area in which was raging one of the worst storms present day mariners have encountered in a long span of years. So tempestuous was the blow that whirled directly along the course the rescued flier is known to have followed that the skipper of the Furness liner Glendevon, in late last night from London, took the trouble to make this notation upon his log:

"So tempestuous that no plane could live through it."

How Hawker did live through that storm is a problem which has not so far been solved to the satisfaction of any of the hundreds of persons who knew him here in the dreary days when he was waiting to make the ill fated start on his crossing through the air to Ireland. A fragmentary story of what happened at sea in the extreme northern lane along which Hawker chose to fly was told to-day by the crew of the Glendevon, simultaneously with the receipt of the joyous news that Hawker and his flying companion, Lieutenant-Commander Mackenzie Grieve, both were safe and sound aboard the Danish ship which picked them up at sea.

Receipt of the news of Hawker's and Grieve's rescue provoked general rejoicing here, especially so in the camp of the British aviators, who have been continuing their preparations to make the aerial crossing. Capt. Frederick P. Raynham, whose flight was held up through the collapse of the under carriage of his Martinsyde plane, and he never had abandoned his opinion that, were he found at all, Hawker would turn up somewhere north of Scotland.

Probably Missed Storm.

He said he felt certain of this because, taken in conjunction with the story of the storm brought in by the crew of the Glendevon, it showed the reliability of his and Hawker's deductions regarding probable weather conditions to be encountered in midocean and beyond on the night of Hawker's flight. He said that the last weather map Hawker saw before making his memorable hop off from the Newfoundland coast showed storm areas north of the Azores. Apparently, though, Hawker got through that storm somehow or other, possibly just nosing it out or passing above it, since the skipper of the Glendevon and his officers are united in their assertion that no airship however big or little could have passed through it.

The Glendevon's log shows the precipitate weather change that sent conditions from "extremely fine" to a "full gale" in the twenty-four hours during which Hawker and Grieve were to have been in the air. Capt. H. W. Sudderby of the Glendevon said he feels certain that Hawker started the day before he did he would have encountered only the most ideal flying conditions.

Light westerly winds and a moderate sea are inscribed in the log as having been encountered by the Glendevon in the first hours after Hawker's hop off. Then the wind came along in a strong blow and kept mounting steadily until finally the sea was lashed into a fury and the Glendevon rolled and strained heavily. Through all of this, officers and men of the Glendevon were straining their eyes, with and without glasses, in an effort to pierce the blackness of the night and catch a glimpse of the flaring red signals that wireless messages told them would reveal the course of the plane, as well as be the airship's signals of distress.

Got Wireless Message.

Hundreds of messages flashed through the air. Some were distinct and some were incoherent. One, thought for a time to have come from the Sopwith, straggled off into incoherency after the Glendevon's wireless operator had picked up this much: "Airplane, lost, fog, longitude nineteen——" Careful study of other messages, however, convinced the Glendevon's officers the message could not have come from the Sopwith, since a message from the plane sent out a short time before by the steamship Samnanger placed her definitely beyond the longitude indicated in the abbreviated message.

The message from the Samnanger, according to the deductions of the Glendevon's officers, showed that the Hawker plane was 50.54 north latitude and 24.42 west longitude.

That, Capt Sudderby said he figured, would have placed the Sopwith at the time 750 knots off the Irish coast and about 910 knots from the Newfoundland coast. It was just after this message was received from the Samnanger that the weather change encountered by the Glendevon occurred, which explains the belief of the Glendevon's men that Hawker had flown out of the storm area before the worst of it broke. They said that at Hawker's altitude the wind could not have been blowing at less than between fifty and sixty miles an hour.

BRITISH SEA FLIER IS BIGGEST OF ALL

Handley-Page Machine Designed to Bomb Berlin.

Special Despatch to THE SUN.

ST. JOHNS, N. F., May 24.—A "land express" to fly cross-country was the original design of the Handley-Page bombing type transatlantic plane now being assembled here. Originally built with the object of bombing Berlin, the armistice ended this possible career for her and the Air Ministry immediately proposed to use her for a transatlantic flight. Rapid demobilization of the Royal Air Force made this impossible as an official exploit, and how the giant bomber is entered on the private initiative of her builders. It is hence possible now to give details of the big plane, which have hitherto been withheld.

She is the largest flying machine of her class in the world, with a wing spread of 127 feet, wing breadth of 13 feet, her length of body 70 feet and her plane surface 2,040 square feet, giving her a lifting power of 9.8 per square foot. Her unloaded weight is 14,000 pounds and when ready to start she will weigh sixteen tons.

As originally designed for a bomber she could carry 1,190 gallons of petrol, a 200 pound wireless set, 6,640 pounds of bombs, twelve machine guns weighing 757 pounds, and a crew of seven men weighing 1,200 pounds. With this load she made ninety miles an hour during a test in England. On another test she carried fifty-one passengers by eliminating her war material and reducing the crew to four.

Machine Has Four Propellers.

As she is at present being rigged she will have a petrol capacity of about 2,366 gallons, giving her a possible flight duration of twenty-two hours without stopping. Flying at 10,000 feet she consumes 106 gallons of petrol per hour, giving her an ample margin for the flight from this coast to Ireland.

She is of the biplane type, with one plane above and one below her body. The greatest gap between wings is fifteen feet six inches. The fuselage at its greatest depth is eight feet deep by six feet wide, covered with airplane fabric in composition with the best Irish linen used. The body is painted a war brown and is fitted with four Rolls-Royce twelve cylinder engines of 400 horse power each, designated as of the "Eagle 8" type. She has two four blade propellers as pushers and two two bladed as tractors. Beneath her will be two undercarriages with four wheels each, set twenty-five feet apart. The tires are of the best rubber and their buoyancy is said to be sufficient to sustain the weight of the engines in the water.

With the wireless equipment on board it is expected to maintain communication with Glace Bay and Sayville until half way across, where Poldhu and Clifden on the Irish coast will be picked up.

The work of erecting the plane is under the direction of Col. Stedman, detailed from the active list for this purpose. During the war he served in the same squadron with Major Brackley, the pilot, and Major Gran, the engineer. He does not expect the plane to be erected before June 12. A trial flight will be made as soon after the plane is ready as a wind suitable for the take off may be blowing. Col. Stedman said that the plane can take off in any wind with a light load. After this first trial flight another will be made with the full capacity load, and if difficulty in rising calls for paring this load it will be cut down, with gasolene the last item to be reduced.

Other Craft Much Smaller.

Gasolene is considered the most important item in the load, as head winds may delay the flight once it is started, and all the fuel possible will be carried. Emergency food rations, including water and other drinks, will be carried to last seventy-two hours.

The Vickers Vimy assembling here can carry only 867 gallons of petrol; the Sopwith had a capacity of only 330 gallons, and the Martinsyde can carry only 307 gallons, with which she found it difficult to take off last Sunday. This comparison shows the great difference between the Handley Page and the other entrants for the contest here, and the comparison is apparently in favor of the Handley Page.

When the Handley Page starts from Harbor Grace she will be the best equipped of any of the transatlantic contenders. She will have three sets, each so installed as to operate independently. The first is the direction finding wireless. This consists of a coil of wire commencing in the wireless cabin, passing under the plane, up to the interplane struts and back into the cabin, thus enveloping the whole machine. A fore and aft loop is supported by ash masts at either end of the hull. The regular transmitting and receiving sets depend on two sets of aerials. One is the usual pendant, with a weight attached which can be dropped out from the hull when the plane rises with a length of 2,180 feet and a sending range of 126 miles.

The novel feature of the wireless equipment, however, is the third, or emergency set. This depends upon antenna raised above the plane either by a kite or by a small balloon, both being housed on the superstructure aft. This has a transmitting radius of twenty-five miles and is to be used if the plane is forced to light on the water. It has already been tested and has talked with the Mount Pearl station at a distance of twenty-eight miles and has received the signals from Cape Race, sixty miles away.

This emergency set is completely in the rear of the fuselage, as when the Handley-Page takes to the water the forward end of the fuselage will be submerged. There is room in the after end to accommodate all the crew, however; rubber bags inflated with air will keep it afloat and it is expected that this part of the hull will be perfectly safe as long as the sea leaves the shell intact.

Four Men in the Crew.

The body already has been completed and the wings and outer parts are now being attached. The work is being carried on carefully and no details are being overlooked by the men in charge of the various parts. The radio wiring will be commenced as soon as the wings are in place. A large wind screen has been erected around the site selected for the canvas hangar, 120 feet long and 60 feet high, which is now on its way here aboard the steamship Sachem.

The transatlantic crew will consist of four men, pilot, navigator, wireless operator and observation officer. The pilot will be Major H. G. Brackley, D. S. O., D. S. C. He is 24 years old and when the war broke out was a student just beginning the journalistic course maintained by Reuters, the great English news syndicate. He volunteered for the war and received his pilot's certificate in 1915. He had his first flying in the Shortt machine and participated in the first night bombing of Bruges and Zeebrugge. He received his Distinguished Service Order for his services in these raids.

His first command was the Seventh Naval Squadron; he was later assigned to the Fourteenth Army Squadron, and later, when the Royal Air Force was organized he was made a squadron commander. Under him he had many Americans, some of them pilots, and speaking of them to-day he said they were the finest kind of men, among whom he had many warn friends. He is an unassuming gentlemanly officer and has proved his willingness to communicate to the newspaper men here anything of public interest that he can give them.

His navigator will be Major Tryggve Gran, a Norwegian, 30 years old. While a Lieutenant in the Norwegian Army he flew from Cruden Bay, Aberdeenshire, to Norway, carrying a copy of the *Daily Mail* to Queen Maud. He was the first pilot to complete successfully the North Sea flight. He served as a ski expert with Scott during the explorer's Arctic expedition.

Frederick Wyatt of the Marconi company, who is to be the wireless operator, is now on his way here on board the Sachem.

STRONG WINDS HOLD NC-4 AT THE AZORES

Read's Flight to Lisbon Will Not Be Attempted Before To-morrow.

PLYMOUTH WAITS FLIERS

Lord Mayor Will Receive Them on Pier From Which Pilgrims Embarked.

By the Associated Press.

PONTA DELGADA, May 25.—There are no immediate signs of an impending letup in the unfavorable weather which has prevailed for thirty hours over the whole of the Lisbon course of the projected flight of the American navy seaplane NC-4. Therefore it is considered impossible to start on this leg of the journey to England before Tuesday, according to the weather experts.

Strong northwest winds, with clearing weather, but with occasional rain squalls, are predicted for to-night and Monday. The American aviators have been obtaining a much needed rest during their delay in starting.

The NC-4 has been removed to an anchorage further inside the breakwater. She is being carefully guarded by a steam launch, which continually circles around her, while searchlights are played on the craft throughout the night as a precaution against a collision.

PLYMOUTH, England, May 24 (delayed).—The United States destroyer Stockton is expected to arrive here to-morrow with the crews of the naval seaplanes NC-1 and NC-3, which were forced to withdraw from the transatlantic flight. Commander John H. Towers will take charge of the naval preparations for the reception of the NC-4 the surviving eatry in the flight.

The Lord Mayor and Council have arranged to receive the crew of the NC-4 on the pier from which the Pilgrims embarked for America. Two Royal Air Force planes are coming to Plymouth to pilot the NC-4 into the harbor.

A two-days fete has been planned for the entertainment of the crew of the NC-4 on their arrival at Lisbon, it has been learned here. The NC-4 will start on its flight from Lisbon from an inland lake near that city.

PEEK MAKES NEW ATTACK ON HINES

Former Head of Industrial Board Charges Unfairness.

Special Despatch to THE SUN.

WASHINGTON, May 25.—The fight over steel price fixing had another chapter added to-day when George N. Peek, former Chairman of the Industrial Board, made a new attack on Walter D. Hines, Director-General of Railroads.

According to Mr. Peek the Director-General used figures to support his side of the contention which were not entirely fair.

"The statement of the Director-General is perhaps misleading," said Mr. Peek, "in that he uses as a basis for his deduction the profit showing of the last three years when steel mills were crowded to capacity on account of war demands and during a considerable part of which period prices were fixed by the Government with the idea that production must be stimulated to the limit.

"If the Director-General desires to be fair," said M. Peek, "why does not he take selling prices for the pre-war period on rails for example and admit that to the pre-war period of rails, $30 a ton, there must be added approximately $20 per ton on account of the increase in direct labor cost alone exclusive of the increase in cost of labor in transportation? And further, why does he ignore the fact that since the signing of the armistice steel prices generally have been reduced between 15 and 25 per cent?"

Mr. Hines's statement is misleading too, Mr. Peek asserted, because he failed to say that "the price at which he finally concludes to buy rails, $47 per ton (the figure approved by the Industrial Board) is $5 per ton lower than the best the Railroad Administration was able to secure for itself before the Industrial Board considered present costs of production."

To support this contention Mr. Peek quoted the stenographic record of the meeting between the Industrial Board and representatives of the Railroad Administration on April 5.

Mail Steamship Goes Aground.

ST. JOHN'S, N. F., May 25.—The coastal mail steamship Glencoe went aground to-day while entering Marystown harbor, on the west side of Placentia Bay. There were sixty passengers on board. The steamship was refloated to-night.

INCOME TAX ABATEMENTS!

If your inventory of December 31st, 1918, depreciates in value during 1919, a corresponding reduction in your income tax will be allowed, under sections 214 and 234 of the Federal Revenue Law.

UNLESS YOU FILE A BOND

this reduction will not be allowed (*until your claim has been finally passed upon*, which may be several years hence). If you file a bond, the deduction may be made from your income tax payments, thus retaining the money in your treasury.

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